SONGS
OF
WILLIAMS
SONGS OF WILLIAMS

SIXTH EDITION, COMPLETELY REVISED

EDITED BY THE FOLLOWING COMMITTEE OF ALUMNI

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THE SOCIETY OF ALUMNI OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE
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1959
To WILLIAMS COLLEGE
HER STUDENTS, ALUMNI, SOMETIME MEMBERS, TRUSTEES,
FACULTY AND FRIENDS
THIS VOLUME IS HEARTILY INSCRIBED.
PREFACE

To the Committee on the Sixth Edition of Songs of Williams it seems that the most informative and the most appropriate way of introducing the edition to its readers is to begin with the following quotation from the Preface to the Fifth Edition, signed by Dwight Marvin and Hamilton B. Wood and dated September, 1933:

“This Song Book had its inception more than a generation ago when an alumnus of Williams and two of her undergraduates united in bringing together her songs, past and present, and putting them into a permanent collection. They believed that such a task would recall happy days to alumni, would serve those still in college and would extend the name and influence of Williams among her friends.

“The immediate success of the venture compelled new editions, with larger editorial boards. The first edition was prepared and published by Gardner C. Leonard, ’87, Henry C. Taylor, ’99, and Charles T. Whelan, ’99. Dwight Marvin, ’01, then joined the editorial board and issued the second edition. When the third was contemplated Hamilton B. Wood, ’10, then an undergraduate, was added. These five men were responsible for the fourth edition.

“The editors, coming to believe that the permanence of the Song Book demanded some supervision of a more official nature, offered the Society of Alumni of Williams College all right, title and interest to the book if it would undertake the task of continuing it in future years. The alumni, acting through E. Herbert Botsford, ’82, and A. V. Osterhout, ’06, who have been invaluable in their aid and encouragement, asked Mr. Marvin and Mr. Wood to prepare the fifth edition.”

The Sixth Edition represents a considerable revision. Retained has been everything that represents the finest singing tradition of Williams. Eliminated has been material that is obsolete or not really identified with Williams. In the General Section new arrangements of old favorites have been made to facilitate their rendition and completely new material has been added, especially with respect to class songs. Additional numbers are included in the Sister Colleges Section. There is also an entirely new Octet Section, which will afford to everyone the opportunity of singing some of the remarkable arrangements originated at Williams in the early 40’s.
There are, in addition, such features as pictures of campus scenes and of Our Berkshire Valley and notes regarding the origin of some of the songs. Appropriate tribute is also made to the famous jazz collection Paul Whiteman has donated to Williams.

Singing has been an old and vigorous tradition at Williams. Unfortunately, the hiatus of World War II resulted in a marked interruption of this tradition. The fact that the entering class now lives by itself for a year as a body capable of absorbing new ideas as a unit encourages the thought that the availability of this new songbook (the supply of all earlier editions being exhausted) will help restore wide-spread singing of Williams songs on the campus as well as continue one of our greatest traditions wherever Williams men gather.

Henry Kirk Greer, '22
Chairman

October, 1958
The Whiteman Collection
by Irwin Shainman
Associate Professor of Music
Curator of the Whiteman Collection

The friendly association existing between Paul Whiteman and Williams College dates back to 1935. It was during that year that the popular orchestra leader suggested to President Tyler Dennett the idea of establishing, on the Williams campus, an extensive library collection devoted to popular music. It was Whiteman’s aim that the collection would become a unique source of material for students in the field of entertainment music during the period 1920-50.

By the end of 1936 the trustees had voted to accept the gift and Whiteman and his orchestra had already performed the two famous concerts—one, joined by the Philadelphia Symphony, in the New York Hippodrome, and the other in Williamstown’s Chapin Hall—the proceeds of which helped to get the venture started.

Now, over twenty years later, the Whiteman Collection—housed in specially built and equipped rooms in Stetson Library—contains over 4000 items of music that completely cover the development of a significant personality and musical organization along with their impact on the world of music. The material is still being expanded by Mr. Whiteman—who has just celebrated his fiftieth year as a professional musician—and now includes photographs, press clippings, phonograph records, periodicals and books.

The collection is open to student and public use and items from it are regularly on loan to schools and recording companies. With each passing year the holdings become more useful and valuable to the writer, social historian and the student especially interested in the music, personalities and color of the fabulous jazz age.
A Word From Paul Whiteman

College songs are folk-songs and those who sing them are as much folk-singers as are the cowboys and frontiersmen who sing the songs of the round-up and the prairie. A printed collection of college songs is therefore an anthology of a very special type of American song.

In the new edition of *Songs of Williams*, we find, of course, the songs that belong exclusively to Williams, songs written by Williams men who tell not only of their pre-occupation with football, but also of their nostalgic affection for their college. "Songs of Sister Colleges" show what students of other institutions think of their alma maters. The "octet" arrangements in the book demonstrate the manner in which the more proficient of student and alumni singers render favorite selections in close harmony.

Of equal interest in the general section are the songs that have been favorites with college men for many generations. Many of these show the over-lapping of folk-songs among various regional and occupational groups. Compare for example *The Capital Ship* with Stephen Foster's *Camptown Races* and with the Negro spiritual, *Roll, Jordan, Roll*. Observe how the Hebrew children of the old spiritual, *Where, O Where*, have become freshmen, sophomores, juniors and finally seniors. Instead of being safe in the "promised land" they are now safe in the class ahead, and at the last in "the wide-wide world." Consider too, the diverse types of anthology in which you will find *The Mermaid, How Can I Leave Thee?, The Grand Old Duke Of York*, and numerous others of the songs in the book.

It is gratifying to have *Songs of Williams* brought up-to-date and modernized. It is also good to know that it still preserves the songs that have been favorites since the first edition was published sixty years ago.

Paul Whiteman

October, 1958
"The mountains! the mountains! we greet them with a song."
In marching time.

1. Come, raise a song to Alma Mater As from her temple we repair,
   Where'er the tide of life may bear us, Although we wander far from home,
   Tho' foes should fight and friends should fail us, And all the world deceptive prove,
   And if we conquer in the battle, Or Fortune's smile be-come a frown,

And on her altar lay our offerings Ere we leave her tender care.
When ever Alma Mater calls us, May we hear her voice and come.
We know that she is ever faithful, And will never cease to love.
When ever we turn our foot-steps home-ward, She will pour her blessings down.

CHORUS. Animated.

Hail to Williams! our Alma Mater! To our mother tried and true!

May we ever stand at her own right hand And do what she bids us to do.
THE ROYAL PURPLE.

F. W. Memmott, '95, and F. D. Goodwin, '95. 
B. T. Bartlett, '95.

Introduction.

Tempo di marcia.

1. If you ask us why our mother Took the Purple for her
2. They may drive us back by inches,— We strive to get the
3. They may lead us ev'ry inning,— We keep them hard at
4. While in life’s stern game we’re striv-ing, Our pluck can never

choice, And why each loyal brother At its
ball; We hold our own by clinches, Their
work; And with little chance of winning, We
fail; That firmness still surviving, We’re

Copyright, 1894, by B. T. Bartlett.
beauty should rejoice;
'Tis because this color
gains are always small.
Their rushes may be
not a moment shirk.
They may be batting
never known to quail.
Then we show a spirit
choosing,
Wise monarchs wear
with pride;
And
clever,
Their interference fine;
There
strongly,
Their fielding may be great;
You
royal,
As in the ninth our nine,
There's
when our boys seem losing,
The Purple turns the tide.
comes their last endeavor,— We're on our "Five Yard Line."
reason matters wrongly,
The ninth will make all straight.
still a "Stone Wall" loyal, When we're on our "Five Yard Line."
Some vaunt the crimson, some the blue, And some their honest green; We're
to the regal color true, Of Berkshire's peerless Queen. — Tho'
ri vals fain would scorn it, And, mingle it with white, It's our
grand old Royal Purple, And we triumph in its might.
YARD BY YARD.

C. F. BROWN, '09.
L. S. POTTER, '10.

In march time.

1. Come, all ye sons of Will-iams, sing,
   As we march on the field.
   Cheer till the hills and valleys ring,
   There's never a thought to yield.

2. Am-hurst and Dartmouth may be strong,
   Might-y and full of steam,
   Oft have they been of no avail
   They meet the purple team.

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ev'ry game, With them in ev'ry play.
both can tell When we have dimm'd their fame.

Fling out the purple, hail, . . . For once a-gain comes Williams' day.
Ring out the triumph bell, . . . For once a-gain we've won the game.

CHORUS.

Yard by yard we'll fight our way, Thro' Am-herst's line,
Every man in every play, Striving all the time.

Cheer on cheer will rend the air, All behind our men, For we'll

fight for dear old Williams And we'll win and win again.
THE MOUNTAINS.

Words and Music by Dr. Washington Gladden, '59.

Allegretto.

1. O, proudly rise the monarchs of our mountain land, With their king-ly forest robes, to the sky, Where Alma Mater dwell-th with her silver clouds of summer round them cling; The Autumn's scarlet mantle flows in conquerors shall triumph here for aye; Yet quietly their shad-ows fall at suns and mountains nevermore shall be, The glory and the honor of our

2. The snows of winter crown them with a crystal crown, And the cho-sen band, And the peace-ful river flow-eth gen-tly by. richness down; And they revel in the gar-ni-ture of Spring, evening hour, While the gen-tle breezes round them softly play. mountain land, And the dwell-ing of the gal-lant and the free.

3. O, might-ily they bat-tle with the storm-king's power; And the

4. Beneath their peace-ful shad-ows may old Wil-liams stand, Till the

Chorus.

The mountains! the mountains! we greet them with a song, Whose
SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

*Thiry-four's a jolly class, Fal-ral-a-ral-a-ral, She nev-er lets a
good time pass, Fal-ral-a-ral-a-ral, Willi-ams, Willi-ams, thir-ty-four,

* Any class may be substituted here and the verse repeated, using the next classes in order.
COME, FILL YOUR GLASSES UP.

HENRY S. PATTERSON, '96.

March time.

"Corcoran Cadets"
by JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.
1. Come fill your glasses up To
2. Come sing a hearty song To

Williams, to Williams, to Williams. Come
Williams, to Williams, to Williams. Sing

fill a loving cup to Williams, to Williams, to
as we march along From Williams, from Williams, from

Williams. We will drink our wine to
Williams. We will rally on Pratt

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SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

night, Drink the wine that makes hearts light. Come fill your
Field, We will make our rivals yield, Vic - t'ry shall

THREE CROWS.

It is the custom for some one to "line" each stanza before it is sung.

Largo.

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be.
2. Said one old crow unto his mate, "What shall we do for grub to eat?"
3. "There lies a horse on yon-der plain, Who's by some cruel butcher slain."
4. "We'll perch up on his bare back bone, And pick his eyes out one by one."
a Round her neck she wore a purple ribbon, She wore it in the springtime and

in the month of May. And when I asked her why she wore that ribbon, She

wore it for old Williams which was far, far away. Far away Far a-

way. And she wore it for old Williams which was far, far away.
“And the peaceful river floweth gently by”.
'NEATH THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS.

Words by TALCOTT M. BANKS, '90.  
Music by FRANCES SHACKELTON.

1. No need to sing the praises Of any dusty town;
2. When our college days are ended, And we bid these walls farewell,
3. And when to the Berkshire valley Our feet shall turn again,

Where grand old Grey-lock raises Its stately wooded crown,
By doubts and fears attended, Nor dare our fate to tell,
When Williams' sons shall rally From busy haunts of men,

We list to nature's voices, The music of her rills,
Thro' earth's dark and stormy weather, One thought our memory thrills,
When the same blue sky is o'er us, One love our bosom fills,

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SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

And each loyal heart rejoices Neath the shadow of the hills.
Of the years we passed together, Neath the shadow of the hills.
Then we'll shout some good old chorus Neath the shadow of the hills.

WHERE, O WHERE.

1. Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen, Where, O where are the verdant.
   They've gone out from Hank Wild's Latin, They've gone out from Hank Wild's
   Where, O where are the gay young Sophomores, Where, O where are the gay young
   They've gone out from "Ec" with "Pi Pi," They've gone out from "Ec" with

   Freshmen, Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen, Safe now in the Sophomore class.
   Lat-in, They've gone out from Hank Wild's Latin, Safe now in the Sophomore class.
   Sophomores, Where, O where are the gay young Sophomores, Safe now in the Junior class.
   "Pi Pi," They've gone out from "Ec" with "Pi Pi," Safe now in the Junior class.

3 Where, O where are the jolly Juniors,
   Where, O where are the jolly Juniors,
   Where, O where are the jolly Juniors,
   Safe now in the Senior class.
   They've gone out from Maxcy's Logic,
   They've gone out from Maxcy's Logic,
   They've gone out from Maxcy's Logic,
   Safe now in the Senior class.

4 Where, O where are the grave old Seniors,
   Where, O where are the grave old Seniors,
   Where, O where are the grave old Seniors,
   Safe now in the wide, wide world.
   They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
   They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
   They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
   Safe now in the wide, wide world.

5 By and by we'll go out for to meet them,
   By and by we'll go out for to meet them,
   By and by we'll go out for to meet them,
   Safe now in the wide, wide world.

Presto.
SONGS OF WILLIAMS

GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK

Arranged by H. B. Wood, '10

Oh, the grand old duke of York, He had ten thousand men.
He marched them up a hill and he marched them down again.
And when they're up they're up, And when they're down they're down, And when they're only halfway up they're neither up nor down.
**Con spirito.**

**OUR MOTHER.**


1. 'Twas in the days of long ago, In a valley 'neath the mountain wall, Our Alma Mater dear was born, The mother of us all. And thro' the countless years her fame has grown, 'Till stand.

2. Long may we dearly cherish her, And ever rest beneath her hand, When e'er she calls with loyal hearts Together let us evermore her song of triumph Thro'-
now in glory bright, Immortal ever reigning o'er us, She
out our mountains ring, May ever-more her sons victorious, Thus

rit.

CHORUS.

stands in all her might. Hail, Alma Mater! Hail to thy name.
to old Williams sing.

Ye sons who know her love, Sing to her fame forever,
Long may she glorious triumphant be,

Bright thro' the future years, Our mother, here's to thee!

"Our Berkshire Valley"
Sweet and low, Sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea,
Sleep and rest, Sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon.

Over the rolling breathe and blow,
Wind of the Western sea,
Mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon.

Over the waters go, Come from the dying moon and blow,

Over the waters go, Come from the moon and blow,
Babe in the nest, Silver sails all out of the west.

Over the waters go, Come to you, Silver out of the west,

While my little one, While my pretty one,
Sleep, my little one, Sleep, my pretty one,
INTRODUCTION.


1. The first year that Williams did enter the league, She paralyzed Amherst and Brown.
2. I had a lit-tle ship on the o- cean, All la-den with sil-ver and gold.
3. I want to kiss Nellie behind the kitchen door, I want to kiss Nellie some more.

CHORUS.

Can't she play ball, can't she play ball, Can't she play ball with Amherst and Brown?
Can't you climb up, can't you climb up, Can't you climb up by moonlight alone?
Can't you climb up, can't you climb up, Can't you climb up by moonlight alone?
GOOD-NIGHT.

1. Good-night, la - dies!  good-night, la - dies!  Good-night, la - dies!  We're going to leave you now.
2. Fare - well, la - dies!  fare - well, la - dies!  Fare - well, la - dies!  We're merrily we roll a - long,
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies!  sweet dreams, la - dies!  Sweet dreams, la - dies!  We're roll a - long, roll a - long, merrily we roll a - long, o'er the dark blue sea.

Sostenuto.

Allegro.
March time

Nine-teen nine, our voic-es free We raise to-day in

praise of thee; Class thou art with-out a peer,

Ev-er-more we'll hold thee dear You bring back fond

mem-o ries old, Our hearts nev-er will grow cold.
Ye men all along the line, Cheer for Williams and nineteen

1910
THIRD REUNION SONG
Words by H. B. Wood, '10

Yo ho, my lads, Yo ho, We're off the bounding main;
We're here today from many a port, We'll all be here again.

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fleet of sixty men. Fill up the bumpers,

Trim the ship for nineteen ten. There's a

1912
Allen G. Whittemore, '12

place. I guess you know, Where we used to like to go; And a

1912
Robert Winthrop Skey, '12

table in the corner, Where the lager used to flow.
Where the beer that we could shelve, Burt and Patsy used to delve;
And the echoes still re-echo With a
toast to nineteen twelve!
Williams, forever Williams, We
sing to thee,
With shouts of comrade voices,
With cheers and jollity, Good fellows Always with song and laughter,
Always light-hearted glee; Though
years bring sorrow after, Now let us take our fill of
pleasure, And days of friendship treasure, With in thy bonds, Williams.
Oh, here's a toast to all good sailors; Here's a toast to all the crew; There's a glass for every fellow Who would like to join us too. And last of all a toast to Sixteen, She will save us when we drown, She's the best old boat, ever
set a-float, Bot-toms up, drink her down, down, down, down

Sev-en-teen, We sing to thee In voices loud and clear. In com-rad-ship in fel-low-ship In friendship and good cheer. Thy song will ring triumphant-ly Where are they sons are

1917
By F. Hubbard Hutchinson
Arranged by H. K. Greer, '22
On hill, or dale, On land or sea. Here's to seventeen.

March time

Here's to twenty-one

To the best old class of all. Come on and

drink to twenty-one. And when those days of
joy have gone forever, Think of twenty-one.

And the friends who stood beside us.

Then let's drink long, and sing our song. To the class of twenty-one.
HOMEWARD, OH!

Dr. Henry A. Schauffler, '59. Air.—“LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.”

1. Oh, merri-ly roll we homeward, oh! While rings the air with laugh-ter; For
   all our toils have flown a-way, And all our cares hard af-ter.

2. Crack the whip and raise the shout, “A-dieu to Al-ma Ma-ter!” We
   love thee well, yet love thee best When thou dost bid us “scat-ter.”

3. Ding, dong, ding, no bell shall ring To wake our peaceful slum-ber; But
   vis-ions bright be-fore us flit Till nine the clock shall num-ber.

4. Cheer the steeds and fly a-long, For all the girls are wait-ing, With
   beaming eyes and win-ning smiles To give us heart-y greet-ing.

Chorus.

O, then, let us mer-ry, mer-ry be, O, then, let us mer-ry, merry be,

O, then, let us mer-ry, mer-ry be, For now we’re roll-ing home-ward.
“Yard by yard we’ll fight our way”.
Air, "The Black Four Hundred."
Arranged by Dwight Marvin, '01.

Oh, it's Captain * a-com-ing down the line; Oh,

Don't that team look hot as down the field they trot; If you

Listen you will hear those Am-herst root-ers say, "I

Guess old Williams is going to win to-day."

*Here insert name of Captain.
BELINDA CLARISSA.


1. Down by the river there dwells a little maiden fair,
2. What do we call her? Well her first name is Belinda,
3. She has a mamma who loves me not, I'm sorry to say;
4. Soon down the river our old barn door will float along,

She is so pretty, with big blue eyes and golden hair, And if you ask me
Then she's another, her second name is Clarissa, Jones is her last name; but
She has a papa who hates me worse from day to day; They set the bull-dog
Down from her window there will be thrown a clothes-line strong, Now for the parson,

why I'm always going there, Don't you know? Speak it low, she loves me!
she will change it soon for ah! Belinda Clarissa, she loves me!
on me when I go that way, Bow wow wow! there's a row, she loves me!
we will each to each belong, Belinda, Clarissa, she loves me!

Copyright, 1898, by William Howell Edwards.
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! Then she's the girl for me; Were she a perfect vixen, I'd still be true, I love her so. Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! My heart's no longer free, And the reason is, why, don't you know? she loves me! Ah! yes!
SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

MARCHING SONG. Words and Music by A. M. Botsford, '06.

Animato.

1. We march and sing as all along the line We
raise our battle cry; The valley echoes

2. For ever loyal Williams' sons shall stand, And
bat - tle side by side, And ne'er a foe is

send - ing back a cheer For men who do or die. Then
found thro' - out the land To stem the Pur - ple tide!

Copyright, 1907, by A. M. Botsford
onward, steadfast, forward to the fight, With hearts and voices
football, baseball, basketball or track, Though we be weak or

strong, The Purple floats above us Cheering for the team we march a-
strong, We'll back the team forever. Once again we sing our marching

spoken.

long. Rah! Rah! As we go marching, marching, marching on to vic-
t'ry,
song. Rah! Rah! As we go marching, marching, marching on to vic-
t'ry,
Raise our banners high along the way As we go

sing-ing, cheer-ing glo-ry to the team, For this is Wil-liams’ day.

THE PURPLE TEAM.

Words and Music by
CLARENCE F. BROWN, '09.

In march time.

1. We will sing this song as we march along to old Williams and her
2. When the fight is o'er and the foe no more, to old Williams raise a

Copyright, 1907, by CLARENCE F. BROWN.
fame, Let the mountains sing and the valleys ring with the glory of her song, Fling the Purple wide, it has stemmed the tide, for its sons are brave and

name, And when to the fray in bold array she turns her strong, And in future strife, all thro' our life, with rout in

might, We will cheer, cheer, cheer, for the Purple dear and fight, fight, fight. sight, Think of days when we won victory and fight, fight, fight.
CHORUS.

Cheer for the Purple Team as we march along,

Cheer for the Purple Team with voices strong,

Cheer for the Victory in Purple and Gold agleam, We will
SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

never give in, we will fight till we win, all Hail the Purple Team.

THE QUILTING PARTY.

Andante.

1. In the sky the bright stars glittered, On the
2. On my arm a soft hand rested, Rested
3. On my lips a whisper trembled, Trembled
4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And those

bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
light as ocean foam; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
till it dared to come; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

Chorus. mf

I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home; And’twas

from Aunt Di-nah’s quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.
SONGS OF WILLIAMS

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR?

Old English Air
Arranged for Male Voices by
T. Charles Lee

G. Wither

Melody
1. Shall I, wast-ing, in de-spair, Die be-cause a wo-man's fair?
2. Shall a wo-man's vir-tues move Me to per-ish for her love?
3. Great or good, or kind, or fair, I will ne'er the more de-spair;

Or make pale my cheeks with care, 'Cause an-oth-er's ros-y are?
Or her well de-serv-ings known Make me quite for-get mine own?
If she love me, this be-lieve, I will die ere she shall grieve.

Be she fair-er than the day, Or the flow-ry meads in May,
Be she with that good-ness blest Which may mer-it name of best,
If she slight me when I woo, I can scorn and let her go;

If she be not so to me, What care I how fair she be?
If she be not such to me, What care I how good she be?
For if she be not for me, What care I for whom she be?

Used by permission of T. Charles Lee
“And the band begins to P-L-A-Y.”
Oh, keep those golden gates wide open, yes, wide open,

Keep those gates ajar; We want those streets all paved with purple, Royal Purple, And we don't want any trolley car.
By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon; If you want to go to Williams just come along with me, By the light, by the light of the moon.
1. Hand me down my bon-net And hand me down my shawl,
2. First she gave me can-dy And then she gave me cake,
3. First she gave me whis-key And then she gave me gin,

And cal-i-co dress, I'm going to the cal-i-co ball.
And hand me down my ball. Oh, hand me down my shawl,
And gin-ger bread, For kiss-ing her at the gate. Well, first she gave me cake,
And creme de menthe, For kiss-ing her on the chin. Well, first she gave me gin,

*) Williams version; also appears in Rutgers Sing Book; used by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.
1. hand me down my cal-i-co dress, I'm going to the cal-i-co ball.
2. then she gave me gin-ger_bread, For kiss-ing her at the gate. Well,
3. then she gave me creme de_menthe, For kiss-ing her on the chin.

as we go marching

And the band be-gins to PLAY You can

hear the peo-ple shout-ing The Will-liams team is
going to win today.

By the light of the moon, by the

light of the moon, By the light, by the light, by the

light of the moon; If you want to go to Williams just

come along with me, By the light, by the light of the moon.
SONGS OF WILLIAMS

NINETEEN FORTY-ONE CLASS SONG

Words by E. THROOP, Jr. '41

Music by C. L. SAFFORD, Jr. '41

Andante

Melody When orb of gold has fallen O'er Grey-lock's towering

2nd Ten.
dome And flashing silver stars A

cross the sky do roam Then in calm serenity We
gather all to sing We shout the name of
CHORUS

Allegro (Faster)

Onward float the purple high
Onward, our foes will ever die. And
e'er to thee the conquered foe will bow its vanquished head
Thy name we love, thy praises sing Till mortal crown is shed.
"Hail, Alma Mater!"
1. The world is clothed with beauty, The isles break forth in songs,
   While "the voice of many waters" The ceaseless strain pro-
   longs, The ceaseless strain pro-longs; But the voice saith naught to me,

2. What tho' thy halls re-echo With the tread of oth-
   er vere, And mourning rocks shed ev-er The un-
   a-vail- ing tear; We will thy love re-pay, And our

3. What tho' thy moun-tains cir-
   cle With bat-
   tle-ments se-
   main, And o-rient breezes bear it A-cross the west-
   ern plain, A-cross the west-ern plain; Till ev-
   ry clime shall know That its

4. Then may thy name be car-
   ried O'er ev-
   'ry land and

...
MUSH, MUSH.

1. Oh,'twas there I larned ra-din' an' wri-tin', At Bil-ly Brack-ett's where
me we had mon-y a scrimmage, An' div-il a
2. Oh,'twas there that I larned all me court-in', O' the lis-sons I
Con-nor, she lived jist for-ninst me An' tin-der lines

I wint to school... And 'twas there I larned how-lin' and figh-tin'
cop-y I wrote... There was ne'er a gos-soon in the vil-lage
tuck in the art... Till Cu-pid, the black-guard, while sport-in'
to her I wrote... If ye dare say one hard word a-gin her,

Wid me school-mas-ther, Mis-ter O' Toole, ... Him an'
Dared thread on the tail o' my
An ar-row dhruv straight through me heart... Miss Ju-dy O'
I'll thread on the tail o' yer...
CHORUS.

Mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - ad - dy, ... Sing, mush, mush, mush,

tu - ral - i - a! ... There was ne'er a gos - soon in the

vil - lage Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!

gin her, I'll thread on the tail o' yer coat!

3 But a blackguard, called Micky Maloney,
Came an' sthole her affictions away;
Fur he'd money an' I hadn't ony
So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
In the A. M. we met at Killarney,
The Shannon we crossed in a boat;
An' I lathered him wid me shillaly,
Fur he throd on the tail o' me — Cho.

4 Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation,
An' folks came a-flockin' to see;
An' they cried out, widout hesitation:
"You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee!"
Oh, I've claned out the Finnigan faction,
An' I've licked all the Murphys a-float;
If you're in fur a row or a raction,
Jist ye thread on the tail o' my — Cho.
I WEAR MY SILK PAJAMAS.

I wear my silk pajamas in the summer when it's hot; I
wear my flannelette in the winter when it's not; And sometimes in the
spring-time, And sometimes in the fall, I slip right in between the sheets with
nothing on at all. Glory, glory to the spring-time, Glory,
THE POPE.

1. The Pope he leads a jolly life, jolly life, He's free from ev'ry care and strife.
2. But he don't lead a jolly life, jolly life, He has no maid or blooming wine.
3. The Sultan better pleases me, pleases me, His life is full of jollity.

He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
He has no son to raise his hope,
His wives are many as he will,

mine; He drinks the best of Rhenish wine; I would the Pope's gay life were mine.

Pope; He has no son to raise his hope; Oh! I would not be the Pope.
fill; His wives are many as he will; I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

4 But still he is a wretched man,
He must obey the Alkoran,
He dare not drink one drop of wine;
I would not change his lot for mine.

5 So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be;
And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.
DRINKING SONG.

1. My com-rades, when I'm no more drink-ing, But sick with gout or pal-sy
lie, Ex-haust-ed, on my sickbed sink-ing, Be-lieve me, then my end is
nigh; But die I this day or to-mor-row, My tes-tament's al-ready
made; My bur-ial from your hands I'll borrow, But with-out splendor or par ade.
died; And now he lies here who imbib-ed, In all life's joy the pur-ple-tide.

2. And when me to my grave you're bringing, Then fol low af ter, man by
Let no sad fun-ral bells be ring-ing, But tink ling glas-ses by your
And on my tombstone be in-scrib-ed, "This man was born, lived, drank, and
In all life's joy the pur-ple-tide."
Paul Whiteman and Associate Professor Shainman, Curator of the Whiteman Collection.
A CAPITAL SHIP.

ARRANGED FOR MALE VOICES.

Solo.

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o-cean trip Was the Wallop-ing Win-dow
2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se-date, Yet fond of a-muse-ment
3. The cap-tain sat on the com-mo-dore's hat And dined, in a roy-al
4. All nau-ti-cal pride we laid a-side, And we ran the ves-sels a-
5. On Rug-bug bark, from morn till dark, We dined till we all had

Blind! No wind that blew dis-mayed her crew, Or troubled the cap-tain's mind; The
too; He played hopscotch with the starboard watch, While the cap-tain, he tickled the crew. And the
way, Off toast-ed pigs and pickles and figs And gun-ner-y bread each day. And the
shore On the Gulliby Is-les, where the Poopoo smi-les, And rub-bly Ub-dugs roar. And we
grown Uncom-mon-ly shrunk; when a Chinese junk Came up from the Tor-ri-by Zone. She was

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man at the wheel was made to feel Contempt for the wild-est blow-ow - ow; Tho'it
gun-ner we had was apparently mad, For he sat on the aft - er rai - ai - ail, And
cook was Dutch, and behaved as such; For the di - et he gave the crew-ew - ew Was a
sat on the edge of a sand - y ledge And shot at the whistling bee - ee - ee; And the
chubby and square, but we didn't much care, So we cheeri-ly put to sea - ee - ee; And we

of - ten appeared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
fir - ed sa - lutes with the cap-tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom-ing gale!
num - ber of tons of hot cross-buns, Served up with su - gar and glue.
cin - na - mon bats wore wa - ter - proof hats As they dipped in the shi - ny sea.
left all the crew of the junk to chew On the bark of the Rug-bug tree.
Chorus.

FIRST TENOR.

SECOND TENOR AND FIRST BASS.

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A-roving I will go!

I'll stay no more on England's shore, So let the music play-ay-ay! I'm

SECOND BASS.

Marcato.
off for the morn-ing train! I'll cross the rag-ing main! I'm

off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thou-sand miles a-way!
O, the ice-man, he is a nice man, But there's one thing I am sure,

There is something about his business, That affects his tempera-

Air. For love is such a funny thing, And I've found once or

twice That all I could get from the ice-man was ice, ice, ice.
SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

Wingate Black.

Allegrceto.

H. W. Petrie.

Not too fast.

1. About the year of One, B.C., A gallant ship put
2. Then up spoke Patrick O'Flarity, "A Jonah is on this
3. Just then a monster whale came by, And Jonah's trousers
4. "Get out of this," McGinty said, "You can't stay here un

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out to sea, To catch a whale and salt his tail, To salt the end of his
ship," says he, And out they ran, from Mike to Dan, To find the Jo - nah
caught his eye; "As I'm a goat there's a lunch a - float," And he scooped Jonah into his
less you're dead. You'll hoo-doo me and my fam - i - lee. My wife and my fam - i -
tail. But just a - bout a mile from land The
man. And there in the mid - dle of the deck His
throat. But pret - ty soon the whale was sick; Says lee."
So then Mc - Gin - ty called his wife, A
ship be - gan to dance, . . . And ev - 'ry son of a
Nibs - ey, Jo - nah, sat, . . . A light - ing a pa - per
he, "that lunch was poor, . . . It seems to me by, the
mer - maid fat and pale, . . . And she gave poor Jo - nah a
sail or man Put on his working pants, His pants, his

cigarette In the crown of his derby hat, "His hat," says

way I feel, I've swallowed a Jonah for sure; It's Jo, it's

fatal stab With the end of her jagged tail, Her jag, her

pants, his working pants. And down into the hold they went

Pat, "we're on to that" They gave a biff, they gave a yell, And

Jo, it's Jonah sure!" On Mike McGinty he made a call, And

jag, her jagged tail! Then Jonah died up on the spot And

o-ver the pumps their backs they bent. They tho't they'd drown, but they

o-ver board poor Jonah fell; Says Pat to Jim, "It's

coughed up Jonah, pants and all. The very spot we have

bought McGinty's corner lot. And now, you see, there's
SOINS OF WILLIAMS.

SHOOL.
1. I wish I was in Boston city,
   Where all the girls they are so pretty,
   If I didn't have a time 'twould be a pity,
   Dis cum bib-ble lol-la boo, slow reel.

2. I wish I was on yonder hill,
   For there I'd sit and cry my fill,
   Ev'ry drop should turn a mill,
   Dis cum bib-ble lol-la boo, slow reel.

3. I wish I was a married man,
   And had a wife whose name was Fan,
   Sing her a song on this same plan,
   Dis cum bib-ble lol-la boo, slow reel.
AIR.

Shool, shool, shool I rool, Shool I shag-a-rack, shool-a-barb-a-cool, The

SECOND.

Shool, shool, shool I rool, Shool I shag-a-rack, shool-a-barb-a-cool. The

BASS.

first time I saw psil-ly bal-ly eel, Dis cum-bib-ble lol-la boo, slow reel.

first time I was psil-ly bal-ly eel, Dis cum-bib-ble lol-la boo, slow reel.
2nd time through in strict waltz time.

Katie Malone, I'm yours alone, Why keep me waiting for you? Give me your heart As well as your hand, And

I'll keep it safe for you, Katie. Katie Malone, I'm yours alone, Why keep me waiting for you? Give me your heart As
SVEIGER VITAE.

F. F. Fleming.

1. In-te-ger vi-tae sce-le ris-que pu-rus non e-get,
Maur-ris jac-u-lis, nec ar-cu, Nec ve-na-na-tis
gra-vi-da sa-gi-tis, Fus-ce, pha-re-tra.

2. Si-ve per Syr-tes i-ter ae-stu-o-sus, Si-ve fac-
tu-rus per in-hos-pi-ta-le, Cau-ca-sum, vel quae
lo-ca fa-bu-lo-sus Lam-bit Hy-da-s pes.

3. Na-mque me sil-va lu-pus in Sa-bi-na, Dum me-am
can-to La-la-gen, et ul-tra Ter-mi-num ca-ris
va-gor ex-pe-di-tus, Fu-git in-er-mem.

4. Qua-le por-tent-um ne-que mi-li-ta-ri-s Da-uni-as
ti-va re-cre-a-tur au-ra, Quod la-tus mun-di

5. Po-ne me, pi-gris u-bi nul-la cam pis Ar-bor aes
ter-ra do-mi-bus ne-ga-ta; Dul-ce ri-den-tem
ne-bu-lae ma-lus-que Ju-pi-ter ur-get.

6. Po-ne sub cur-ru ni-mi-um pro-pin-qui So-lis, in
La-la-gen a-ma-bo Dul-ce lo-qui-tem.
1. Gaudeamusigitur, Juvenes dum sumus;
2. Ubisunt, qui ante nos In mundo fure
3. Vita nostra brevis est, Brevis finietur,

Gau-de-a-mus i-gi-tur, Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus,
U-bi sunt, qui an-te nos In mun-do fu-e-re?
Vi-ta no-stru bre-vis est, Bre-vi fi-ni-e-tur,

Post ju-cun-dam ju-ven-tu-tem, Post mo-les-tam se-nec-tu-tem,
Trans-se-as ad su-pe-ras, A-be-as ad in-fe-ros,
Ve-nit mors ve-lo-ci-ter, Ra-pit nos a-tro-ci-ter,

Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus, Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus.
Qu-os si vis vi-de-re, Qu-os si vis vi-de-re.
Ne-mi-ni par-ce-tur, Ne-mi-ni par-ce-tur.
HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE!

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou only
hast my heart, Lov'd one, believe. Thou hast this soul of mine,
so close ly bound to thine, No oth er can I love, Save thee a lone!

2. Blue grows a flow ret Called the "For get me not," Wear it up
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow ret and hope may die,
Yet, rich in love am I, That can not die in me, On ly be lie ve.

3. If but a bird were I! Then to thy breast I'd fly, Fa con nor
hawk I'd fear, If thou were near. When by the fowl er slain,
I at thy feet shall lie, If sad ly thou'dst complain, Joy ful I'd die!
RISE UP.

C. F. Hepburn, 1900.

Air.—“Climb up, ye Chillum, Climb,”
by Frank A. Kent.

Allegro.

1. All our banners floating proudly, floating in the sky;
2. We will wave the royal purple, fairest ever seen,
3. Many times that we should hate to be in Am-herst's shoes;

Man-y more we're going to capture, have them bye and bye.
Over Am-herst's chosen colors, over Dartmouth's green.
One is when she plays in Bill-ville, for she's bound to lose.

So get ready ev'rybody for the happy time,
Maidens fair shall be our mascots help us win the games,
First game always went to Am-herst till one lucky day

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Up on top the pennant ladder We are going to climb.
If we win then we will ask them Won't they change their names.
Williams broke the old-time hoo-doo, Now it's gone to stay.

Chorus.
Rise up, ye upper class-men, Rise up, ye under class-men,
Rise up, ye Williams men; For we will
SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

never weaken, Cheer on until we beat them,

Rise up, ye men and cheer.

DIE LORELEI.

1. Ich weiss nicht was solles be-deu-ten, dass ich so trau- rig bin; Ein
2. Die schön-ste Jungfrau sit-zet Dort o- ben,] wun-der-bar, Ihr
3. Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe Er-greift es mit wil-dem Woh; Er

1. I know not whence it com-eth That I am of-ten sad, A
2. Die schön-ste Jungfrau sit-zet Dort o- ben,] wun-der-bar, Ihr
3. In ti-ny skiff the boat-man Is seized with a wild, wild woe, He
Songs of Williams.

Marchen aus alten Zeiten, das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn. Die
gold'nes Geschmeide, sie kämmst ihr gold'nes Haar. Sie
gold'en j野生动物kle, she combs her gold'en hair; With
schaut nicht die Fel'sen-riffe, er schaut nur hin-auf in die Höh'. Ich
gazeth on high un-ceasing, He heeds not the cliffs be-low. I

Lust ist kühl und es dunkelt, und ruhig fliesst der Rhein; Der
air grows cool in the twi-light, and calm the Rhine flows on; . The
kommst es mit gold'nen Kam-me und sing ein Lied da-hei; . Das
comb of gold she combs it, and sings so plain-tive-ly . . . A
glaube, die Wel'sen ver-schlin-gen am ende schif-fer und Kahn; . Und
fear me the skiff and boat-man will both'neath the waters drown; . And

Gip'sel des Ber'ges funkelt, im Ab-son-nen-schein.
mountain brow is gleaming in light of set-ting sun.
hat eine wunder-sa-me, Ge-wal-t'ge Mel'o-dy.
strain of won'drous beau-ty, a pot-ent mel-o-dy.
das hat mit ih-ren Sin-gen die Lor-el'ei geth-'an.
this with her won'drous sing-ing, the Lor-el'ey has done.
"Oh, here's to the health of Eph Williams, who founded a school in Billville".
AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind?
   Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne?

2. We twa ha'e run about the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine,
   We've wand'er'd mony a weary foot Sin' auld lang syne.

3. We twa ha'e sport'ed i' the burn, Frae morn' in' sun till dine,
   But seas between us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.

4. And here's a hand, my trust' y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine,
   We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.
1. 'Twas Friday morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the captain spied a lovely mermaid, With a comb and a glass in her hand. Oh, the ocean waves may roll, And the stormy winds may blow, While we poor sailors go

2. Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well-spoken man was he; "I have married a wife in Salem town, And to night she a widow will be." do for the depths of the sea." sank to the depths of the sea.

3. Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship, And a red hot cook was she; Then three times around went our gallant ship, And she

4. Then three times around went our gallant ship, And three times around went
SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

skipping to the tops, While the land-lubbers lie down below, below, below, While the land-lubbers lie down below.

HERE'S TO YOU.

Here's to you,* Here's to you, my jovial friend, And we'll drink to your health in this god-for-sak-en company, We'll drink ere we part, Here's to you.* . . .

*Any name may be inserted here.
SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

DOWN IN MOBILE.


Down in Mobile, down in Mobile, How I love that little yaller gal! How I love that little yaller gal!

Down in Mobile, Down in Mobile, Then I'll come back, ... yes, I'll come back, ... Back to my old cabin.

Then I'll come back, yes, I'll come back,
home, . . . Then I'll come back, . . . yes, I'll come back, . . .
back, . . . Back to my old cabin home. Then 'tis farewell, yes, 'tis farewell, To my home in Tennessee, Then 'tis farewell, yes, 'tis farewell, To my home in Tennessee.
Shine, shine, who wants a shine? My name is Teddy, and I'm always ready;
My brushes are new, my blacking is fine,
Ah, there! Mister, don't you want a shine?
JERUSALEM MORNING

Solo. Moderate.

Chorus.

Solo.

Talk a-bout Je-ru-sa-len morn-ing, Yes, good Lord, talk a-bout Je-

Chorus.

Solo.

ru-sa-lem morn-ing. Yes, good Lord, Broth-ers, I feel as though I

Solo.

want to shout. This re-lig-ion am turn-ing me in-side out.

(2d Bass spoken)

Shout on, brother.

Solo. Fast.

(2d Bass) Get your long white robe and your star-ry crown and be

Well, what are you going to do about it?
CHORUS:

ready when the great day comes. Good Lord, I'm ready, indeed I'm

ready, Well, good Lord, I'll be ready when the great day comes.

Ready, indeed I'm ready, Well,

Oh, glory hallelujah!

FINE.

good Lord, I'll be ready when the great day comes.

Did'n't the good book say that Cain killed Abel? Yes, good Lord,
Hit him on the head with the leg of a table,

Yes, good Lord. Didn't Daniel in the lions' den
(2d Bass spoken)
What did he do?

Say unto those colored men, Get your long white robes and your
(spoken)
What did he say?

Back to Chorus:

starry crown, And be ready when the great day comes, Good Lord, I'm
1. Oh, here's to the health of Eph. Williams, Who founded a
   school in Bill-ville;        And when he was scalped by the
2. This school, it grew into a college, Re-nowned for base-
   school and free trade;       And man-y a states-man and
3. And here's to old Fort Mass-a - chu-setts, And here's to the
   old Mo-hawk trail;          And here's to his-tor-i-cal

   In-di ans, He left us his bood-le by will. Sing
   schol-ar, Old Eph-ra-im's bood-le has made. Sing
   Pe - ri, Who grinds out his sor-row - ful tale. Sing
SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

GERMANY LAND.

Arranged by H. C. TAYLOR, '99.

Ger-man-y land where the sau-er-kraut grows, Ger-man-y

land where the lag-er beer flows, Give me old Ger-man-y loyal and

ture, Give me old Ger-man-y land. Dear old pals, jol-ly old pals,

Roam-ing to-geth-er in all sorts of weath-er. Dear old pals,
jolly old pals, Give me for friendship my jolly old pals.

I've been wuk-kin' on de railroad, All de live-long day;

I've been wuk-kin' on de railroad, Ter pass de time a-way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whistle blow-in'? Rise up, so Uh-ly in de mawn;

Doan' yuh hyah de cap'n shout-in', "Din-ah blow yo' hawn?"
SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

LAST NIGHT.

HALFDAN KJERULF.

Andante.

1. Last night the night-ingale woke me, Last night when all was still,
   I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night:

2. It sang in the golden moon-light From out the woodland hill.
   I wake and would you were here, love, And tears are blind-ing my sight.

rit.

pp (Chorus Humming.)
opened my window so gently, I hear a low breath in the lime tree, The

looked on the dreaming dew, And oh! the bird, my wind is floating through, And oh! the night, my

Darling, was singing, singing of you, of you. Darling, was sighing, sighing for you, for you.
THE PURPLE HILLS.


Air.—"Annie Lisle."

1. Dying echoes fill the valley, heralding the night,
2. Fast the lengthening shadows gather, sunset dims to grey,
3. Safe within our little valley from the outer strife,

As we gather on the campus in the waning light.
And the calling winds of evening through the branches play.
Are inscribed the happy memories of our college life.

In the west the sunset's crimson all the heaven fills,
With the far stars pale above them while day's tumult stills,
And when darker days have found us, mid this old world's ills,

And its glory rims the edges of our purple hills.
Watching us who know and love them stand the purple hills.
Still our hearts will turn with gladness to our purple hills.

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LORD JEFFERY AMHERST.

Tempo di marca. J. S. Hamilton, Amherst, '06.

I. Oh, Lord Jeff-er-y Am-herst was a sol-dier of the
king, And he came from a-cross the sea,

II. Oh, Lord Jeff-er-y Am-herst was the man who gave his
name, To our col-lege up-on the hill,

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To the Frenchmen and the Indians he didn’t do a thing,
And the story of his loyalty and bravery and fame,

In the wilds of this wild country, in the wilds of this wild country,
Abides here among us still, abides here among us still,

And for his royal majesty he fought with all his might,
You may talk about your Johnies and your Elis and the
might For he was a soldier loyal and true, rest. For they are names that time can never dim, And he conquered all the enemies that came within his But give us our only Jeffrey, he's the noblest and the

sight, And he looked around for more when he was through. best, To the end we will stand fast for him.
CHORUS.

Oh, Am - herst, brave Am - herst, 'Twas a name known to fame in days of yore; May it ev - er - be
glo - rious. 'Till the sun shall climb the heav'n's no more.
ALMA MATER—CORNELL.

W. M. SMITH and A. C. WEEKS.  Tune: “Annie Lisle.”

With spirit.

1. Far above Cayuga's waters, With its waves of blue,
2. Far above the busy humming Of the bustling town,

Stands our noble Alma Mater, Glorious to view.
Reared against the arch of heaven, Looks she proudly down.

Chorus.

Lift the chorus, speed it onward, Loud her praises tell.

Hail to thee, our Alma Mater; Hail, all hail, Cornell!
Drink a high-ball at night-fall, Be good fellows while you may;

For tomorrow may bring sorrow, So tonight let us be gay.

Tell the stories of glories Of dear old Wesleyan:

Let the high-ball make us jolly, Here's a health to every man.
THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK.

CLARENCE B. MITCHELL, Princeton, '89.

Arranged by ERNEST CARTER.

1. Although Yale has always favored The .
2. Through the four long years of college, 'Midst the
3. When the cares of life o'er take us, Ming ling

vi o let's dark blue, And the man y sons of
scenes we know so well, As the myst ic charm to
fast our locks with grey, Should our dear est hopes be

Har vard To the crim son rose are true, We will
know ledge We vainly seek to spell; Or, we
tray us, False Fortune fall away, Still we'll

own the lil les slender, Nor hon or shall they lack,
win ath let ic vic'ries On the foot ball field or track,
ban ish care and sad ness As we turn our mem'ries back,
While the Tiger stands defender
Still we work for dear old Princeton,
And recall those days of gladness 'Neath the Orange and the Black,
We will own the lilies
Or we'll win athletic slender,
Nor shall they lack, While the victories
On the football field or track, Still we sadness
As we turn our memories back, And recall
Tiger stands defender
work for dear old Princeton, And the Orange and the Black.
call those days of gladness 'Neath the Orange and the Black.
HARVARDIANA.

Arranged by R. S. CHILDE, Harvard, '22.

With crimson in triumph flashing,
Mid the strains of victory, Poor Eli's
SONGS OF WILLIAMS:

hopes we are dash ing . . Into blue obscu ri

ty . . . Resist less our team sweeps goal ward.

With the fury of the blast . . . We'll
fight for the name of Harvard...
Till the last white line is passed... Harvard!

Harvard!... Harvard!
THE PALISADES

Arr. for Male Voices by
A. D. Woodruff

Words and Music by
DUNCAN MACPHERSON GENNS, '00

1. O grim grey Pal - i - sades, thy shad - ow Up - on the rip-ping Hud-son
2. Here as the eve - ning shades are fall - ing, And gone is ev - ry care of
3. But col-lege friend-ships all must sev - er, And fade as does the dy - ing

falls; And mel-low ming-led tints of sun - set Il - lum - ine now our clas-sic
day, We gath - er, and the cam-pus ech - oes With laugh and song of stu-dents
day, And clos - est kin-ships all be bro - ken As out in life we wend our

halls; While stu-dents gath - er round thy al - tars, With tri-butes of de - vo - tion
gay; Thy sons well guard-ed from all sor - row, Linked firm in bonds of vio - let way; And yet, what - ev - er be life's for - tune, Though mem - ry fail and friends be

true, And min-gled mer - ry hearts and voic-es In praise of N. Y. U.
hue, For - get the cares that come to - mor - row, And praise old N. Y. U.
few; We love thee still, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Our dear old N. Y. U.

By permission of New York University Glee Club
BATTLE CRY

MALE CHORUS

C. L. Waite, '06
Arr. by V. B. Allison '43

And then it's fight for old Wesley and Never give

in Fight to the end boys might and right shall

win So keep on fighting 'til victory Crowns every

man. Then it's fight, fight, fight, fight for Wesley

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AS THE BACKS GO TEARING BY

Words by John Thomas Keady, '05
Music by Carl W. Blaisdell

As the backs go tearing by
On the way to do or die
Many sighs and many tears,
Mingle with the Harvard cheers,
As the backs go tearing

By permission of Dartmouth College
Songs of Williams

by Mak-ing gain on stead-y gain Ech-o

swells the sweet re-frain Dart-mouth's going to win to-day Dartmouth

sure must win to-day. As the backs go tear-ing by.
March, march on down the field,

fighting for Eli, Break

through the crimson line, their strength to de-
We'll give a long cheer for Eli's men,
We're here to win again.

Harvard's team can fight to the end, but Yale will win! Rah! rah! rah!

1. win!
2. win. Rah!

[Music notation]
GOING BACK TO NASSAU HALL

Tempo di Marcia

Words and Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK, '05

1. When the sons of Princeton Gather anywhere,
2. Let's go back to Princeton At Commencement time,
3. They are great at football Down in Princeton town,

There's a place they think of, Longing to be there,
Sample each reunion: That's the life for mine!
And likewise in baseball They have won renown.

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Copyright, 1910, by The JOHN CHURCH Co.
Copyright renewal assigned, 1939, to Princeton University
It's the one and only University,
Ramble round the campus, Full of jollity,
Soon well see them winning One more victory, And

Located And celebrated In New Jersey,
Our location For celebration Is New Jersey,
bonfires burning When we're returning To New Jersey.

REFRAIN

1.-3. Going back, Going back, Going
back to Nassau Hall. Going back,

--- going back, to the best old place of

all. Going back, going back,
from all this earthly ball, We'll clear the track As we go back, Going back to

1.
Nassau Hall.

2.
Going Hall.
To G. E. F.
SECRETS
WESLEYAN CAMPUS SONG

Words by Frederic Lawrence Knowles, ’94
Music by Clarence R. Smith, ’99

Slowly and smoothly $ \frac{3}{8}$

O rose, climb up to her window, And in thro' the casement

reach, And say what I may not utter, in your beautiful silent

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Middletown, Connecticut, and Broadcast Music, Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York."
speech! She will shake the dew from your petals, She will press you close to her lips,

She will hold you never so lightly In her warm white finger-
tips. And then who can tell? she may whisper (While the city sleeps be-
low,) I was dreaming of him when you woke me, But, rose, he must never know.
OCTET SECTION
In a history of song at Williams the Williams Octet would furnish one of the most lively chapters.

Short-lived as time goes, the Octet existed over a span of not much more than ten years, and that was a decade interrupted mid-way by World War II. The group nevertheless acquired the prestige of a tradition, and today the deep blend of eight male voices sounds a clear and unique remembrance for many Williams men.

The Octet tradition actually evolved from another tradition, the practice of providing a break in Williams Glee Club programs by means of a quartet. It was Professor of Music Robert Barrow in 1940 who increased the number of men for this purpose to eight, and it was he who initiated their singing in six and eight parts. During this same year Octet performances ranged from Country Club parties to a concert in New York's Town Hall and included an appearance in Bermuda. The eight men also enjoyed the distinction of being the first student group to perform in the Adams Memorial Theatre.

In 1941 the Octet singers adopted their most outstanding feature, the custom of using their own arrangements almost exclusively. The arrangements were made by C. Louis Safford, Jr. '41, Warren G. Hunke, '42 and George D. Lawrence '43 and several of them are included in the following section of this book. It was hoped to print a much larger number of them but unfortunately copyright clearance could not be obtained for most of the songs the Octet used.

Although the original eight men were inevitably dispersed by war and circumstances, the group was reorganized in 1946 and made their post-War appearance at the college's Victory Reunion. Singing that night were four of the charter members: Messrs. Hunke, Lawrence, Safford and MacGruer.

In May, 1947 they presented a full evening's concert at the Adams Memorial Theatre and repeated that successful program five times throughout the East for the benefit of the College Building and Endowment Program. Since that time, the original Octet has given sporadic performances and had several reunions. Their arrangements have been used by successive new undergraduate octets. In fact, several times on the occasion of the Commencement Pops Concert in June there were performances by octets made up of undergraduates and members of the original Octet, using the original arrangements after rehearsal together for only a few minutes. It is hoped that the inclusion in this song book of a few examples of these noteworthy arrangements will serve to encourage the perpetuation of the Octet tradition.
JUANITA

Arranged by Warren Hunke, '42

Soft o'er the fount-tain Ling'ring falls the sou-thern moon;

Far o'er the moun-tain Breaks the day too soon. In thy dark eye's

Soft o'er the fount-tain Ling'ring falls the sou-thern moon;

Far o'er the moun-tain Breaks the day too soon. In thy dark eye's
Solo 1st Tenor

Splendor Where the warm light loves to dwell Weary looks yet

Tender Speak their fond farewell (hum) Ni-ta, Ju- ni-ta, Ni-ta, Ju- ni-ta, Ni-ta, Ju- ni-ta,
let me linger by thy side; Ni-ta Ju-a-ni-ta,
ask thy soul if we should part, Ni-ta Ju-a-ni-ta,

let me linger by thy side; Ni-ta Ju-a-ni-ta,
ask thy soul if we should part, Ni-ta Ju-a-ni-ta,

1. Be my own fair bride. lean thou on my heart.
2. Be my own fair bride. lean thou on my heart.
The original Octet at the opening of the Adams Memorial Theatre, April 13, 1941. Left to right: Tyler '41, Hunke '42, Lawrence '43, Rising '42, MacGruer '43, Verderly '41, Pitt '41, Safford '41.
SONGS OF WILLIAMS

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

OLD ENGLISH AIR

Words by Ben Jonson

Arranged by Warren Hunke, '42

1. Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will

2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath; not so much

pledge with mine ring thee, Or leave a kiss within the hope that

cup, and I'll not ask for wine; The but

(Hum) thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a

thou thereon didst only breathe, and send'st it
OLD TIME MEDLEY

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

Words by Jack Maroney
Music by Percy Wenrich
Arranged by C. L. Safford, Jr. '41

Copyright 1914 by Leo Feist, Inc.; used by permission.
I wore a big, red rose. When you cared for me, I wore a big, red rose.

I wore a big, red rose. bimbimbim When you cared for me, I wore a big, red rose.

ess'd me 'Twas then heaven blessed me With a blessing no one

ess'd me 'Twas then heaven blessed me With a blessing no one
You made life cheer-y when

You made life cheer-y when

you call'd me dear-ie 'Twas down where the blue grass grows

you call'd me dear-ie 'Twas down where the blue grass grows
Your lips were sweeter than julep
When you wore a

lips were sweeter than julep
When you wore a

tulip and I wore a big, red rose

Segue

Segue

Segue

Segue
THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART

Words by Henry Fink

Music by Al. Piantadosi
Arranged by Warren Hunke, '42

Copyright 1913 by Leo Frist, Inc.; used by permission.
til my soul within me died

You've shattered each and

ev'ry dream, you fooled me from the start

And
though you’re not true, may God bless you! That’s the curse of an

ach - ing heart, ach - ing heart.

ach - ing heart.

ritard.  bm bm bm bm  bm bm bm bm
PEG O' MY HEART

Words by Alfred Bryan

Music by Fred Fischer
Arranged by Warren Hunke, '42

Copyright 1913 by Leo Feist, Inc.; used by permission.
sweet little girl.
(hum)

SOLO: Sweeter than the Rose of Erin

sweet little girl.
(hum)

(hum)

Peg O' My Heart,

are your winning smiles endearin'
(hum)

(hum)

Peg O' My Heart,
- your glances with Irish art entrance us

- glances with Irish art trance us

Come (hum) own come make your home in my heart.

Come, be my own

Come (hum) own come make your home in my heart.
SONGS OF WILLIAMS
LITTLE WILLIE

Arranged by C. Louis Safford, Jr. '41

1. Willie had a purple monkey, climbing on a yellow stick,

2. No more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden gun;

And when he sucked the paint all off, it made him deathly sick. And in his dying moments he clasped that monkey

No more he'll pull the pussy's tail to make her yowl for fun. The pussy's tail now stands out straight, the gun is
in his hand. And bade farewell to this bright world, and went to a better land.
laid a-side. The monkey doesn't jump around since Little Willie died. Oh!

Bury poor Willie 'way out in the woods in a
Bury poor Willie 'way out in the woods in a
beautiful hole in the ground, Where the wood-peckers sing and the

beautiful hole in the ground, Where the wood-peckers sing and the

bumble bees buzz and the straddle bugs tumb-le a-round. The

bumble bees buzz and the straddle bugs tumb-le a-round.
straddle bugs tumble around, The straddle bugs tumble around.

The straddle bugs tumble around. Wood-peckers sing bumble bees buzz round. Where the wood-peckers sing and the bumble bees buzz and the
Straddle bugs tumble around. So that in winter when the

slush and the snow have covered his last little bed,

His
brother Artemus may go out with Jane and

brother Artemus may go out with Jane and

visit the place with his sled. Amen.

visit the place with his sled. Amen.
"The snows of Winter".
ANNOTATIONS ON THE SONGS.

THE ROYAL PURPLE. By F. W. Memmott, F. D. Goodwin and B. T. Bartlett, all Williams College, 1895

“Frederick D. Goodwin . . . wrote a play, ‘Manhattan’, for the junior dramatics of their class and among the songs introduced was ‘The Royal Purple’. Mr. Memmot wrote several songs for the play, but ‘The Royal Purple’ was the joint work of Mr. Goodwin and himself. B. T. Bartlett, the musical genius of the class set the words to music”.—THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE, APRIL 30, 1911, p. 3

THE MOUNTAINS. By Washington Gladden, Williams College, 1859:

In 1893 Gladden wrote for the “Williams Weekly” an account of the beginning of his acquaintance with the Berkshire landscape:

“I shall never forget that evening when I first entered Williamstown, riding on the top of the North Adams stage. The September rains had been abundant and the meadows and slopes were at their greenest; the atmosphere was as nearly transparent as we are apt to see it; the sun was just making behind the Taconics, and the shadows were creeping up the slopes of Williams and Prospect; as we paused on the little hill beyond Blackinton the outlines of the Saddle were defined against a sky as rich and deep as ever looked down on Naples or Palermo.... To a boy who had seen few mountains that hour was a revelation.”

This revelation was at the beginning of Washington Gladden’s college course. Near the close of it another flashed upon him. “One winter morning walking down Bee Hill,” he said, “the lilt of the chorus of ‘The Mountains’ came to me. I had a little music paper in my room in the village and on my arrival I wrote down the notes and cast about for words to fit them and the refrain of ‘The Mountains’; the Mountains suggested itself. I wrote the melody of the stanza next and fitted the words to it.”

—Leverett W. Spring, A HISTORY OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE, pp. 317-318

Williams College can boast of having the oldest American college song written by an undergraduate specially for the college and it is “the song” of the Berkshire institution. It is entitled “The Mountains”. Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden . . . was the author of both words and music.—THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE, April 30, 1911, p. 3.


This song is a combination of two songs submitted in a class song contest in June, 1907. The words and music of the verse were written by Clarence F. Brown. The words of the chorus were written by Lars S. Potter and the music by Hamilton B. Wood.
OUR MOTHER. By Clarence F. Brown, '09.

The result of an interclass singing contest for which original songs were submitted.—WILLIAMS RECORD, June 23, 1908, p. 2.

'NEATH THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS. Words by Talcott M. Banks, '90; music by Frances Shackelton.

Sung at the meeting of the Williams Alumni Association of New York December 13, 1894.—Williams College Library, Williamsiana Catalog; WILLIAMS WEEKLY, Jan. 31, 1895, p. 254.

DRINK A HIGH-BALL. Gus Brigham, around 1900, wrote this song, dedicating it to Herbert Waterous, the famous Gilbert and Sullivan basso. Permission to use it as a Wesleyan song as given by Waterous to T. H. Montgomery '02 who, at our 1906 Commencement, introduced it here. R. W. Bristol '06 was among those who learned it then; and when he entered University of Pennsylvania for graduate work that fall, he taught the Wesleyan “High-Ball” song to his new associates at U. of P., where in a slightly altered version it has been popular ever since. The original words in the last quatrain of the chorus were as follows:

Tell the stories of its glories
As we lift our glasses tall;
Let the high-ball make us jolly,
Here's a health to one and all.

(Notes from Wesleyan Song Book)

SECRETS. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles '94.

This was printed in his Wesleyan Verse, 1894. According to a campus tradition, it was first written by Knowles on a frosted window pane, in old North College, one wintry morning. Clarence R. Smith '99, leader of the Wesleyan Glee Club, 1897-99, composed his melody for these words in 1900, completing it in the summer of 1901. “To G.E.F.,” the legend over the music, indicates that he dedicated it to Miss Grace E. Forbes, who during that summer was doing concert recital work in Germany. At the time of first publication, these mysterious initials were one of the “Secrets” of the song, and continued so until two years later when she became Mrs. Clarence R. Smith—a happy denouement for the rose’s window-climbing adventure! (Notes from Wesleyan Song Book).

AS THE BACKS GO TEARING BY.

In the winter of 1903-04, Tom Keady ’05 wrote the words of “As the Backs Go Tearing By” to the tune of a popular song of the day entitled “When the Boys Come Marching Home”. The words and music of the original song were written by Charles W. Doty and published by him in 1901. Robert Wallace Richardson '06 reports that the Keady lyrics attained instant campus popularity. They have ever since tingled the blood of Big Green followers, despite the fact that the name of the rival team has undergone several transformations in accordance with the times. (Notes from Dartmouth Song Book).
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